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No Questions Answered

By Fred Othman



ALL I know for certain about the super-secret, hush-hush Central Intelligence Agency is the fact that its boss, Allen W. Dulles, smokes an excellent grade of pipe tobacco. Fragrant. Probably costs him \$3 per pound.

All other information concerning his globe-girdling organization of sleuths to me is a mystery, which rapidly is growing mysteriouseer.

Consider, for instance, surplus property from the Central Intelligence Agency. This property is secret. I tried to get some idea what it might be, aside from maybe an oversupply of false whiskers, but the man from the General Services Administration said he could say only that it was confidential equipment. His job is to get rid of it.

So it would seem that secret bidders must make secret bids on secret merchandise, which they're not going to be allowed to see. Here I'm spoofing a little, but not much. This CIA business is so danged secret that to an outsider like me, it begins to look ludicrous.

AND that brings us to Top Sleuth Dulles, smoking his beautiful-smelling pipe and appearing before the Senate Appropriations Committee on the subject of where he's going to build his new, \$46,000,000 headquarters.

Reporters like me had to leave, of course. Mr. Dulles' testimony had to be secret. But it's hard to keep a secret in a Senate committee room and I'd hardly been allowed to return an hour and a half later, before I was told confidentially that Mr. Dulles had insisted he wanted to locate his intelligence center at Langley, Va.

Well, sir, this happens to be half a mile down the pike from my own beaten-up acres at McLean and into

the room rushed a score or more of my neighbors to discover, if they could, what the international Hawkshaws intended to do to our countryside.

About half of them figured the CIA would be a boon to our neighborhood; the other half were bitter against turning our rural area into a city full of cops in mufti.

Atty. Sam Neel, who bought a horse from me a while back, charged that Mr. Dulles intended to build a junior-sized Pentagon smack-dab in the middle of what we residents like to call our farms. Counsellor Roger D. Fisher insisted the CIA's projected building would be six and a half times bigger than the present Department of State, which isn't exactly a two-room shack.

Mr. Fisher's calculations indicated to him, he said, that the CIA intended to erect a structure large enough to hold 16,100 Federal Hawkshaws and secretaries thereto. Mr. Dulles muttered protests, but he chose not to tell how many employees he actually would have. That's a secret, too.

Mr. Fisher insisted such a mighty influx of Federal detectives would disrupt property values, clog roads, and force us taxpayers to foot the bills for mighty water and sewer systems we don't presently need.

THE other side, represented by O. V. Carper, our genial contractor; Dick Smith, the erudite editor of the weekly Providence (name of our township) Journal, and Carlton Massey, our county manager, said you couldn't stop progress.

They figured our precincts would be built up soon by new residents, anyhow, and why not get some high class ones, like those CIA people? I, myself, do not know how high class CIA folks are, because the only one I know for sure is Mr. Dulles, the pipe-smoker. His helpers may be the finest citizens there are, but there's no way of telling because none of 'em even will admit they work for him.